

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson iin Pendle.

I love Fish fingers with chips and mushy peas.

In coastal towns where seagulls play, Beneath the sun's warm golden ray, A simple pleasure, a favorite dish, Fish fingers, chips, and peas, my wish.

Golden fillets, crisp and light, Wrapped in a batter, oh so right, They dance in oil, a sizzling waltz, A symphony of taste that exalts.

Beside them lie the chips so fine, Potato's gift, a starchy sign, Their edges crisp, their centers soft, A perfect pairing, a treat oft sought.

And then, the peas, a verdant sea, Mushed to a delightful glee, They lend a freshness to the fare, A balance to the crispy air.

Together on the plate they rest, A trinity that I love best, Each bite a melody, a rhyme, A taste of home, a cherished time.

So let us raise a joyful cheer, For fish and chips, and peas so dear, A meal that warms both heart and soul, A culinary anthem, a cherished goal.

By Donald Jay